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Bus Hashiru.
(The Bus Takes You And Runs)
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WHEN SPRING ARRIVES, I ALWAYS REMEMBER
GOOD-BYE, MAKIHARA-SENSEI!
YEAH,
GOOD-BYE!
ARE YOU TAKING THE BUS AGAIN?
YOU SHOULD REALLY BUY A CAR
VROOM
QUIET, YOU
YOU'RE STILL WEARING THAT COAT UNDER YOUR JACKET, AREN'T YOU?
CRAP, NOT AGAIN!
THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU

I LIKE...
YOUR COAT, SENSEI.
FWIP
—...
THAT WAS_
A DAY MUCH LIKE THIS ONE. FIVE YEARS AGO..

HIKARU!
JUST WHAT'RE YOU DOING!?
HA HA HA
!?
SEXUAL HARASS-MENT!
LOOK, SENSEI!
HEY, DID YOU KNOW?
I GRADUATE TOMORROW.

HEY, SENSEI! AFTER I FINISH COLLEGE, HOW ABOUT WE MEET HERE AGAIN?
HUH?
OF COURSE I KNOW.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE INTENTIONALLY TAKE IT TOGETHER.
WE WON'T GET TO TAKE THE BUS HOME TOGETHER ANYMORE.
WHEN WE MEET U...
I CAN GET MARRIED.
HM?

YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY, "WE CAN GET MARRIED," AREN'T YOU?
HMM...?
SAY IT HOWEVER YOU WANT, I MEAN THAT I'LL BE YOUR WIFE.
VRRM
AN ANTI-SOCIAL BIOLOGY TEACHER...
YOU'VE BEEN A BACHELOR FOR A LONG TIME, HAVEN'T YOU?
YOU MUST BE GOOD AT HOUSE-WORK
HEY NOW...
AH, THE BUS IS HERE
THAT'S WHY...
I'LL MARRY YOU.
.....
FORGET IT.

VRRM
EH?
WHY!?
IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SAY, BUT THAT'S FOUR YEARS FROM NOW
NEITHER YOU NOR I..
WILL REMEMBER THIS.
IS THAT WHAT YOU REALLY THINK?
YEAH.
IT'S LIKE THEY SAY, PEOPLE ARE FICKLE CREATURES.

THERE'LL BE LOTS OF GREAT GUYS AT THE UNIVERSITY YOU'RE GOING TO
YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT AN OLD, WASHED-OUT GUY LIKE ME...
IN NO TIME FLAT.
I LIKE YOUR SLEEPY FACE.
YOUR BARGAIN-BIN SOCKS...
AND YOUR BAD TASTE IN TIES,
OCCA-SIONAL STUBBLE,

HOW BLAND YOU ARE, HOW YOU'RE DRAMATIC...
HOW DISTANT YOU ARE, AND HOW YOU SMILE AT EVERYONE...
THAT YOU LIKE STAG BEETLES AND RHINO BEETLES...
AND COLLEGE STUDENTS.
THAT YOUR HANDS ARE KIND OF PRETTY...
AND YOU SMELL LIKE TOBACCO.
I'VE LIKED YOU EVERY DAY FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS

DON'T SAY YOU'LL FORGET
WHEN I GRADUATE FROM COLLEGE
I'LL MEET YOU AT THAT BUS STOP UNDER THE SAKURA TREE
AND ON A DAY JUST LIKE THIS ONE, WE'LL TAKE THE BUS HOME TOGETHER

AND THEN I'LL MARRY YOU,
OKAY, SENSEI?
IT'S NOT THAT I'VE BEEN WAITING...
BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I WASN'T HAPPY, EITHER...
FOUR YEARS PASSED UNEXPECT-EDLY QUICKLY,
AND...

AND NOW IT'S THE SPRING OF YEAR FIVE.
LEFT BEHIND, I LIVE MY LIFE UNCHANGED...
ALONG WITH THESE SAKURA BLOSSOMS...
SIR?
ARE YOU GETTING ON?
OH, SORRY!
LET'S SEE, MY PASS...
RUMMAGE
RUMMAGE
HUH?
HUH?
HUH?
RUMMAGE

SORRY, I LEFT IT ON MY DESK...
I'LL CATCH THE NEXT BUS.
VRRM
LOOK, SENSEI!

SEXUAL HARASS-MENT!
SORRY, SENSEI.
I FAILED MY SOPHOMORE GERMAN CLASS, SO—
MY GRADUA-TION WAS DELAYED A YEAR.
BUT A PROMISE IS A PROMISE.

I'LL MARRY YOU,
OKAY, SENSEI?
WHEN SPRING ARRIVES, I ALWAYS REMEMBER...
I REMEMBER

THAT WARM PROMISE, TRIVIAL OR NOT,
AND THE SAKURA BLOSSOMS THAT BLOOM IN FRONT OF THAT BUS STOP—